



CUD COMICS  
#3

\$2.95 US  
\$4.15 CAN

TERRY LABAN'S

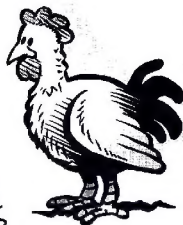
# CUD

COMICS™



LABANOS

# TERRY LABAN'S CUD<sup>TM</sup> COMICS



THE THING THAT SUCKS ABOUT LIFE IS THAT YOU CAN'T HIRE SOMEONE TO LIVE IT FOR YOU. NOT THE WHOLE THING, JUST THE UNPLEASANT PARTS. I'D GLADLY PAY SOME ILLEGAL IMMIGRANT MORE THAN THEY'D MAKE IN A MONTH IN THEIR IMPOVERISHED, THIRD-WORLD HOME COUNTRY TO BE ME FOR A BAD DAY OR WEEK. THEY COULD GIVE ME A CALL WHEN EVERYTHING'S BEEN STRAIGHTENED OUT, AND I COULD RETURN TO THE STREAM OF MY DAYS BLISSFULLY UNAFFECTED BY THE SAD SITUATION. AS FOR THOSE WHO'D SAY THAT SUFFERING IS AN IMPORTANT PART OF THE HUMAN EXPERIENCE, AND THAT, IN THE END, IT MAKES YOU STRONGER, I'D SAY THAT FOOD IS AN IMPORTANT PART OF THE HUMAN EXPERIENCE, TOO, AND THAT PICKING IT IS A PROCESS THAT PUTS YOU IN TOUCH WITH THE SOIL AND IS GOOD EXERCISE, AT LEAST WHEN COMBINED WITH A REASONABLY HEALTHY DIET. BUT DO FOLKS WHO CAN AFFORD THEM FOR STORES AND HEALTH CLUBS ABANDON THEM FOR VIGOROUS AFTERNOONS HELPING OUT THE LOCAL AGRIBUSINESS? NOPE. THE TRUTH IS, PEOPLE WHO PRAISE SUFFERING ARE EITHER JUSTIFYING THEIR OWN BAD LUCK OR TRYING TO CHEER UP THEIR LOSER FRIENDS. IF I CAN EVER WORK IT OUT, I'M TAKING ALL MY SHITTY DAYS OFF. SURE, SOME POOR ALIEN WILL HAVE TO DEAL WITH MY TROUBLE AND PAIN, BUT I BET IT'S A LOT BETTER THAN PICKING STRAWBERRIES.



BY

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# It's ENO AND PLUM IN

"THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER"

HIGH SCHOOL! WHAT A TIME! SOMETIMES IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE I EVER WENT-- OTHER TIMES THAT I EVER LEFT.

I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY LET ME LEAVE-- I'VE STILL GOT A COUPLE INCOMPLETES.



by TERRY LARAN ©1996

WOW, PLUM-- IS THAT YOU?

YUP! HARD TO BELIEVE, ISN'T IT?

AND THIS HULKING YOUNG REPUBLICAN BESIDE YOU-- I SUPPOSE HE WAS YOUR BOYFRIEND.

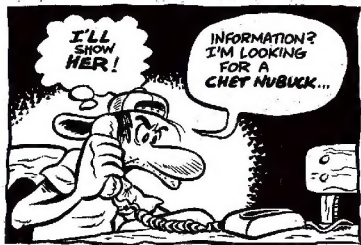
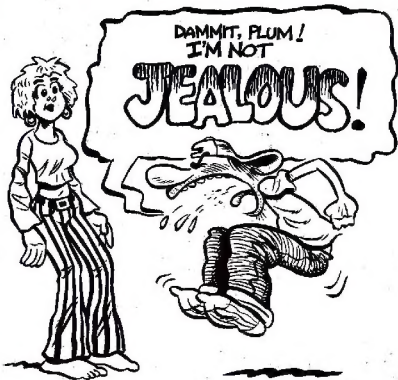
YEAH. CHET WASN'T A YOUNG REPUBLICAN, THOUGH. HE WAS A PRETTY NICE GUY.

I'LL BET. MUST'VE BEEN ALL THAT CORN THEY FED HIM.

WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?





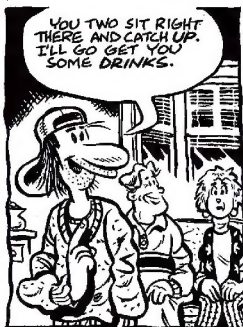
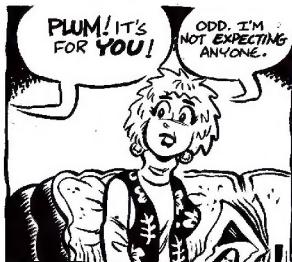


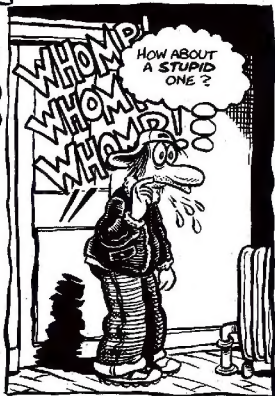
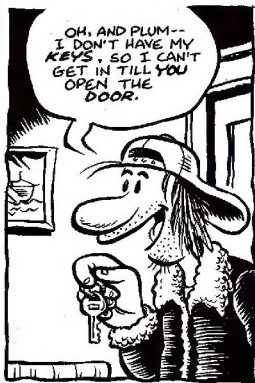
A FEW NIGHTS LATER...

**BUZZ!**

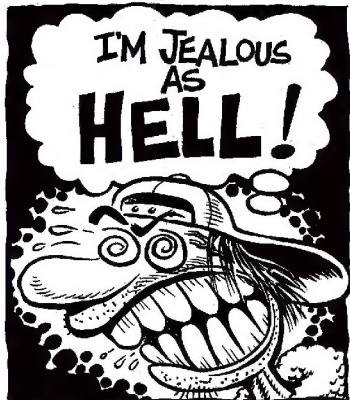
I WONDER WHO THAT COULD BE?

I'LL GO SEE.











MEANWHILE--









SOON...



# MURKUR WOLF-BREATH HARD-BOILED SHAMAN

by TERRY LABAN © 96



IN

"THE BODY SNATCHER"

IT SEEMED LIKE THE USUAL THING AT FIRST-- A SICK DAUGHTER, A DISTRAUGHT MOTHER, AND THE CAMP IN THE EVENING, SMELLING OF WOODSMOKE AND DRYING FISH.



I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING THE GIRL RECOVER, BUT EVEN DEATHLY ILL, SHE WASN'T BAD. HER LIPS, BERRY-COLORED AGAINST HER CLEAR, PALE SKIN, WERE LIKE FLOWERS POKING THROUGH THE SNOW, AND OTHER THINGS POKING THROUGH HER ROBES GAVE ME THOUGHTS THAT DIDN'T HAVE MUCH TO DO WITH THE IMMEDIATE TASK AT HAND.



IF I FELT A TWINGE OF APPREHENSION AS I GOT READY, I IGNORED IT. FACT IS, YOU NEVER REALLY GET USED TO GOING TO THE OTHER SIDE.



THE MUSHROOMS WERE GOOD. AS I KEPT UP A STEADY TATTOO ON MY TOM-TOM, THE TRANCE CAME ON SMOOTH AS FRESHWATER ICE.





BUT AS SOON AS I LEFT MY BODY, I KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG. NO FOOTPRINTS LED TO THE LOWER WORLD--SHE STILL HAD TO BE SOMEWHERE UP HERE.

I LOOKED PAST HER EYES AND SAW A SIGHT THAT CHILLED ME LIKE A CHEAP PARKA.

HER SOUL, STILL INSIDE HER, WAS TRUSSSED UP LIKE A SACRIFICIAL CARIBOU.

I COULD SMELL DANGER LIKE BAD MEAT. I MADE FOR MY BODY, BUT I DIDN'T GET FAR BEFORE SOMETHING MEAN AS A MOTHER BEAR SENT ME SPRAWLING.

ANOTHER SOUL HAD TAKEN OVER MY BODY. HORRIFIED, I WATCHED IT GAZING BACK AT ME THROUGH MY OWN EYES WITH A TRIUMPHANT LOOK OF UNDISGUISED MALEVOLENCE.

IT WAS ONLY DOWN A SECOND, BUT IT WAS ENOUGH. FRANTICALLY, I TRIED EVERY ORIFICE, BUT IT WAS NO USE--THE WAY WAS BLOCKED.

I NEEDED A BODY FAST, AND I COULDN'T AFFORD TO BE PICKY. LUCKILY, THERE'S USUALLY NO SHORTAGE OF MICE IN A NICE WARM TENT. I FOUND ONE GNAWING A BONE UNDERNEATH SOME FURS.



NOT EVEN A SMALL CREATURE DESERVES TO GET THE BOOT--BUT IT WAS HIM OR ME, AND THAT WAS HIS TOUGH LUCK. IN A FLASH I WAS IN, TWITCHING MY WHISKERS LIKE I'D BEEN A MOUSE ALL MY LIFE.



WHATEVER HAD MY BODY WAS HAVING TOO MUCH FUN TO CHASE MY SOUL, AND THAT WAS GOOD. BUT IF I DIDN'T WANT TO END MY DAYS AS FOX FOOD I WAS GOING TO NEED HELP, AND LOTS OF IT.



I SHOT DOWN THE NEAREST HOLE, HEADING FAST AS I COULD FOR THE LOWER WORLD.



I DON'T LIKE DEALING WITH ANIMAL SPIRITS-- THEY'RE TRICKY AND MEAN. BUT I HAD TO IF I WANTED TO HAVE ANY CHANCE OF BEATING THIS RAP, AND THERE WAS ONE IN PARTICULAR WHO OWED ME A FAVOR.



UNFORTUNATELY, I WAS GOING TO HAVE TO GET PAST THE WELCOMING COMMITTEE. I PUFFED MYSELF UP AS BEST I COULD AND HOPED NONE OF THEM WERE HUNGRY.

I'M LOOKING FOR RAVEN.

MAN, WHATCHOO WANT WITH RAVEN?

YOU KNOW WHAT RAVENS DO TO MICE, BABY?

COME T' THINK OF IT, WOLVES DON'T MIND 'EM, EITHER. WHO WANTS TO PLAY ME FER THIS LI'L SNACK?

I DOUBT ANY MOUSE HAS BEEN HAPPIER TO SEE A RAVEN THAN I WAS WHEN MY MAN CAME FLUTTERING OUT OF THE SHADOWS.

MAH EARS BURNIN! SOMEONE TALKIN' 'BOUT ME?

RAVEN! IT'S ME! MUKTUK WOLFSBREATH!

WOLFSBREATH? SHEE-IT! YOU CRAZY, MAN!

I QUICKLY GAVE HIM THE LOWDOWN, THEN CALLED IN MY CHIT.

SO ANOTHER DUDE GOT'S YUH BODY THAT'S TOUGH, BABY. BUT WE ALL GOT TROUBLES, DIG?

WHAT YOU GOT'S A SHORT MEMORY, PAL!

SEEMS IF IT WASN'T FOR ME, YOU'D STILL BE SOURING MILK FOR THAT KAMCHATKIN BASTARD YOU USED TO WORK FOR!

UMQUK? I KNOW, BABY. AN' THAT WUZ COOL.

PUT YIM DOWN, BRO. HE'S A FRIEND A' MINE.





BUT SEE, I'M DONE WITH THE GUARDIAN SPIRIT THANG. YOU SHAMANS AINT NUTHIN' BUT A PAIN IN TH' ASS.

LOOK--  
HELP ME  
FIGURE OUT  
WHO IT IS,  
AT LEAST DO  
THAT!

AWRIGHT, MAN.  
BUT THAT'S IT,  
Y'HEAR?

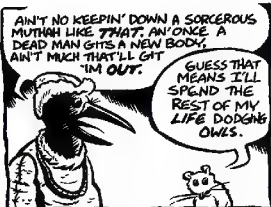


OKAY, BABY--  
I SEE YUH BODY.  
NOW LES' GIT A FIX  
ON TH' CAT THAT'S  
IN IT.



HOOWEE! IT'S  
UMGUK HIMSELF!  
THAT'S ONE SONOVABITCH  
I HOPED I'D NEVER  
SEE AGAIN!

BUT...  
HE'S BEEN  
DEAD FOR  
YEARS!



AIN'T NO KEEPIN' DOWN A SORCEROUS  
MUTHAN LIKE THAT. AN' ONCE A  
DEAD MAN GETS A NEW BODY,  
AIN'T MUCH THAT'LL GIT  
'IM OUT.

GUESS THAT  
MEANS I'LL  
SPEND THE  
REST OF MY  
LIFE DODGIN'  
OWLS.



WELL, THANKS, RAVEN.  
LUCKY YOU HAD  
HELP GETTING OUT  
FROM UNDER THAT  
BASTARD.

AW, SHIT.  
WAIT UP.



YOU GOT ME, BRUTHUH.  
FAIR'S FAIR. TAIN'T GONNA  
BE EASY, THOUGH. FIRST  
WE GOTTA FIND US SOME  
OF HIS BONES.



AND QUICKER THAN SUMMER, WE WERE  
FLYING HIGH OVER THE TAIGA, HEADING  
FOR THE ISLAND IN LAKE BAIKAL  
WHERE THE SHAMANS GO TO DIE.

CONTINUED IN  
THIS ISSUE!

# The Author in KEEP ON TRUNKIN' by T. LABAN

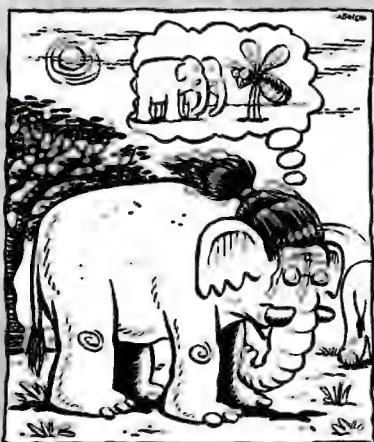
Terry LaBan, rogue elephant cartoonist, extended his trunk and sniffed the Serengeti breeze, laden with the scents of wildebeest, acacia trees, and dust. The termites mounds shimmered like dancers in the haze, and flying insects made a not-disagreeable buzzing sound as they hovered over the grass. For most, it was a pleasant time on the plain. The mating season, with its hormone-driven insanity, was safely over, and though summer had set in, the water holes were not yet dry. There was time just to wander, tear up trees, and think.

But for LaBan, it was the worst of times. He was odd. The only elephant in the herd to wear wire-rimmed glasses and a ponytail, he seemed often consumed by an inner obsession that went beyond such usual elephant concerns as fighting for a chance to mate and blowing water out one's trunk. The herd members accepted him, as was their way, but they sensed a sadness and a frustration that they, and he, were unable to explain.

How could they have understood? For LaBan, alone among the elephants, was a cartoonist. Ideas for comics stories,

strips, and single-panel gag cartoons flowed constantly through his mind. But, being an elephant, he had no outlet for his work.

And so it was during this gentle season, when living was fairly easy, that LaBan's mind would become overwhelmed with ideas that he knew would never be expressed. He tried to forget them, but it seemed the harder he tried, the better they got. There were the ongoing adventures of a sort of "everyman" elephant, who keeps trying to mount the prettiest



cow even though the dominant bull always gores him. A caricature of the herd matriarch giving birth to a hyena, representing what he felt were her anele-

## 50s ENO AND PLUM

T. LABAN © 96





ly became frightened as he grew nearer. In a panic, they scattered, but he only followed one: the man with the book.

Terrified, the man ran, turning back from time to time to look at LaBan towering ever closer behind him. But he was no match for an elephant on the open savanna. He screamed as LaBan's trunk wrapped around his legs, tripping him in mid-stride. Falling to the ground, he looked up only to see the elephant's knees coming down onto his chest, pinning him to the ground. Then the trunk, wrapping around his hand, the sensitive tip trying to pry out what he held there. It wasn't LaBan's intention to hurt the man, but foolishly he struggled. Frustrated and unable to judge his strength, LaBan leaned in. The man's rib cage snapped with a crack, and he lay still.

LaBan stood, his trunk raised up in triumph, twitching and flapping his ears. Slowly he lumbered back toward the herd, so excited he didn't hear the human voices just to the side, or the crack of the rifle, eerily echoing the noise he'd heard beneath him only moments before. Something exploded just behind his heart, and his great bulk slammed into the ground.

They came to examine him, mystified by what appeared to be his sudden, unprovoked attack. There was no clue in his eyes, now peacefully closed, nor any sign of disease or trauma. It was only the thing he'd pried from the panicked tourist's hands that seemed unusual. There it was, still tightly gripped in his trunk: an ink-stained, crow quill pen.

phant-like qualities. A panel in which two elephants are confronting a fly as big as they are, one saying to the other, "I knew this was going to happen."

Looking over, LaBan spotted a group of tourists gathered on the nearby road, pointing cameras in his direction. The sight was hardly unusual: elephants coexist with sightseers in the parks of Africa, and sightseers like to take pictures. LaBan noticed, however, that there was one — a fairly portly, middle-aged man — who didn't seem to have a camera at all. Instead, he looked up at the herd and then down at what appeared to be an open book on his lap, not reading, but ...?

Though commonly LaBan knew better than to approach a group of humans, he suddenly felt overwhelmed with desire. With a grunt, he wheeled and ponderously approached the Land Rovers. At first the tourists were intrigued, but they quick-

## ENO'S HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY

T. LABAN





THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A DEAD SHAMAN, YOU KNOW WHERE TO GO. THE BAD NEWS IS, THEY TEND TO LOOK ALIKE.

# MUKTUR WOLFSBREATH HARD-BOILED SHAMAN

## PART II

by TERRY LABAN ©96

THERE'S BONES  
EVERYWHERE.  
HOW WE GONNA  
FIND UMUK?

DON'T ASK ME,  
BABY. I'M JUST TH'  
TRANSPORTATION.



CAN'T YOU  
LOOK IN A  
POOL OF WATER  
OR SOMETHING?

SHEE-IT, MAN.  
I CAN'T  
WORK MIRACLES.

SUDDENLY, I HEARD  
A VOICE, STILL FA-  
MILIAR, THOUGH THE  
FLESH THAT ONCE  
FRAMED IT WAS  
LONG GONE.

WHO'S  
THERE?

DON'T YA  
RECOGNIZE  
YOUR OLD  
TEACHER?

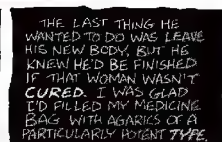
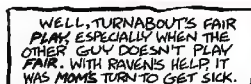
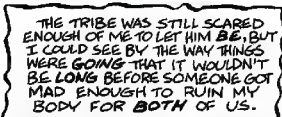
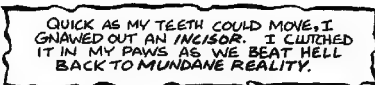
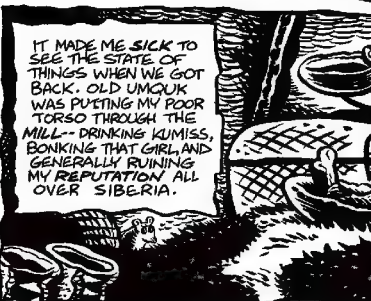
WOLFSBREATH!  
"ZAT YOU? YA  
LOOK LIKE A  
MOUSE."



ANOOKIAK, MY OLD MASTER! IT'D BEEN TWENTY YEARS SINCE HE'D TAUGHT ME  
TO LEVITATE. HE'D CHANGED A LOT SINCE, BUT THEN, SO HAD I.

UMUK, EH? EVIL  
DIRTBAG. LAID DOWN  
TO DIE 'BOUT FIVE  
YEARS  
AGO, RIGHT OVER THERE.





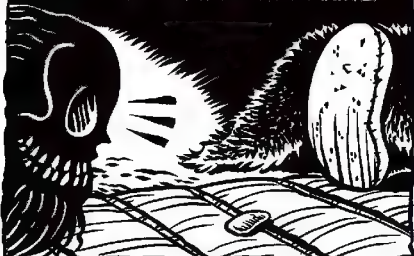
AS HE STARTED WHACKING THE DEERHIDE, I PUT THE TOOTH NEAR THE WOMAN AND QUICKLY GNAWED A MOUSE-SIZED DOSE OF MUSHROOMS FROM THE BAG.



WE LEFT OUR BODIES AT THE SAME TIME. IN AN INSTANT, HE SAW ME, AND TURNED TO JUMP BACK LIKE A MARMOT GOING FOR HIS HOLE.



BUT THEN HE SAW THE TOOTH AND STOPPED, DRAWN UNCONTROLLABLY TO HIS OWN REMAINS.



HE ONLY PAUSED A SECOND, BUT THAT WAS ENOUGH. MY GHOSTLY FISTS SLAMMED INTO HIM LIKE A HERD OF MUSK OX, AND HE REELED BACK.



I WANTED TO HIT HIM AGAIN, BEAT HIM TO ETHER, BUT A VOICE IN MY EAR WHISPERED...



I DROVE BACK INTO MY FORMER SELF. IT FELT GOOD TO HAVE ARMS AND LEGS AGAIN, BUT I COULDN'T ENJOY THEM LONG. I GRABBED THE TOOTH, CURSED IT, AND THREW IT IN THE FIRE.



HE MIGHT HAVE A WHOLE SKELETON BACK ON THE ISLAND, BUT THAT WOULDN'T HELP HIM NOW.



THE SOUND OF HIS SOUL SCREAMING AS IT FELL INTO THE LOWER HELLS WAS THE SWEETEST I'VE EVER HEARD.



IT WAS NO USE TRYING TO CONVINCE THE TRIBE THAT IT HADN'T BEEN ME TURNING THEIR CAMP INTO MY PERSONAL PLAYPEN, BUT AFTER I'D CONJURED UP A COUPLE OF FAT CARIBOU, THEY WERE WILLING TO LET BYGONES BE BYGONES.



THE ONLY ONE SAD TO SEE ME GO WAS THE GIRL. SEEMS OLD UMUKU REALLY DID HER RIGHT. OF COURSE, HE HAD A LOT TO WORK WITH.



I WAS TEMPTED TO TAKE HER WITH ME, BUT I KNEW IT WOULDN'T BE WISE. I LEFT HER WITH A CHARM THAT GUARANTEE HER A HANDSOME HUSBAND AND PLENTY OF FINE AND HEALTHY SONS.



I TOLD HER DANCES AND MAGIC JUST DON'T MIX, AND I DIDN'T LIE. BUT THE REAL TRUTH IS, I WAS AFRAID I'D DISAPPOINT HER, NOT THAT WOLFBREATH IS A SLOUCH BETWEEN THE FURS--BUT THEY SAY YOU JUST HAVEN'T DONE IT TILL YOU'VE DONE IT WITH A DEAD GUY.



# LETTERS

Dear Terry,

I just got done reading *Cud* #1, and now I'm looking out my window. It's evening, and the setting sun is making the buildings on the other side of the street glow rose in the fading autumn sun. The shouts of playing children, young now, but one day old and cranky, filter up from the street, lying on top of the traffic noise like fallen leaves on a lawn. I laughed at your work, but there was something else that stuck with me as well — a melancholy, perhaps, or maybe that's too strong a word. Actually, it might not have anything to do with your comic. I'm probably just depressed. I'll bet you think I'm an idiot, right?

Sandy Weltschung  
Brooklyn, NY

*New Yorker*, there's a cartoon of two cows, and the caption reads: "In the final analysis, it's all cud."

Just thought you'd like to know.

J. Hampton  
E. Burlington, Ontario

Dear Terry,

Meeting you at the San Diego Con this summer, I never would have suspected that you were such a sick, twisted person. That strange story about your drug addictions and that little girl — that wasn't true, was it?

Joey Damiano  
Long Beach, CA

*Sure it was. Everything in Cud is true.*

Hey, Terry,

I liked *Cud* all right, but I think it'd be a lot better if you changed a few things.

For starters, in your "Eno and Plum" stories you should mention brand names and old TV shows. I read through everything and didn't even find one brand-name reference! If you did it even once or twice, your stuff would be a lot funnier. Also, I think you should do stories making fun of politically correct people. I deal with people like that every day, and they really piss me off. I'm sure there're a lot of others out there who feel the same way, and I'm sure they'd get behind your comic if you did that kind of material. Finally, I think you need to make your lines thinner. It looks like you draw everything with your thumb dipped in ink. I've showed your comic to a lot of my friends, and they all agree. Thin lines are where it's at, man.

Jason Wycoff  
San Francisco, CA

Hello, Terry —

On page 62 of the November 13th issue of *The*

## PLUGS

**Ert!** — There are times when I suspect that the entire comic-book medium is secretly controlled by Matt Feazell from a tatty coffee shop in downtown Hamtramk. Get this paperback collection of various "Cynicalman" strips and other ephemera, and you'll surely agree that even if that's not true, it should be. Feazell's trademark stick-figure comics, seemingly doo-dled without a second thought on napkins and used, moist towelettes, is work of sometimes jaw-dropping brilliance, boiling down vast areas of the human experience to oddly funny lines and circles. **Ert!** could well be available at your local comics emporium, but in the more-than-likely event it isn't,

send \$12.95 + postage and handling to  
Caliber Press, 11904 Farmington Rd.,  
Livonia, MI 48150.

**Creepy Mike's Omnibus of Fun #1** —

This little review 'zine isn't anything way out of the ordinary, but for some reason I kinda liked it. Mostly well-written reviews about all the comics and 'zines you and I like so well, it also reproduces art and features nifty little interviews with such comix luminaries as Pete Bagge, Mary Fleener, and Dennis Eichhorn. Issue number 2 will supposedly review *Cud* — if it's a bad review, don't get it till issue 3. \$2.00 (free in Buffalo) from **Mike Raspantini**, P.O. Box 983, Buffalo, NY 14213.

Send it all to:

**Terry LaBan, P.O. Box 607056, Chicago, IL 60660**

ENO'S PAL

# HENRY KOLLINS













**BLOOMP!**



AND SO--



End



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